

BANKING HOUSE

OF
HENRY CLEWS & CO.,

(United States Treasury Buildings)

No. 32 Wall Street, N. Y.

THE business of our House is the same, in all respects, as that of an Incorporated Bank.—Checks and Drafts upon us pass through the Clearing House.

Corporations, Firms, and Individuals keeping Bank Accounts with us, either in Currency or Gold, will be allowed Five Per Cent. Interest per annum, on all daily balances, and can check at sight without notice. Interest credited and Account Current rendered Monthly.

We are prepared at all times to make advances to our Dealers on approved Collaterals, at market rate.

Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand, or after fixed date, bearing interest at the current rate, and available in all parts of the country.

Collections made promptly everywhere in the United States, Canada and Europe. Dividends and Coupons promptly collected.

We buy, sell, and exchange all issues of Government Bonds at current market prices.

Orders executed for the purchase or sale of Gold and Exchange, also for State, City, and all other first-class securities.

Special attention given to the negotiation of Rail Road, City, and other Corporate Loans.

We are prepared to take Gold Accounts on terms the same as for Currency; to receive Gold on Deposit, bearing interest and subject to check at sight; to issue Gold Certificates of Deposit; to make Advances in Gold, against currency and other collaterals, and to afford Banking facilities generally upon a GOLD BASIS.—417 1m

Who has a House to Paint?

READY-MADE COLORS.

Known as "RAILROAD" Colors. Guaranteed to be more economical, more durable and more convenient than any paint ever before offered. A book entitled "Paint Talk with Practical Painters," with samples, sent free by mail on application.

MASURY & WHITON,
Globe White Lead and Color Works, 111 Fulton St., New York. Established 1835. Beware of imitations.—417 3m

WATER WHEELS.

THE
DUPLIX TURBINE.

NOT Equaled by any Wheel in existence.—Great economy of water. The only Wheel suitable to variable streams. Adapted to all kinds of Mills. Illustrated Pamphlet with Useful Tables sent free.

J. E. STEVENSON,
35 Liberty St., N. Y.

"HOW SHALL WE PAINT OUR HOUSES?" By J. W. Masury, Cl. 220p., \$1.50. Free by mail on receipt of price. Masury & Whiton, New York.—417 3m.

"HINTS ON HOUSE PAINTING." By J. W. Masury, Cl. 220p., 40c. Free by mail on receipt of price. MASURY & WHITON, N. Y.—417 3m

\$1140 How I made it in 6 mos. with Stencils. Samples mailed free.

A. J. FULLAM, N. Y.

JAMES B. CLARK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware

New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.,

KEEPS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment.

All the latest styles and most improved

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,

TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD.

Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock.

New Carriage Manufactory,

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order

Carriages

Of every description, out of the best material.

Sleighs of every Style,

built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner.

Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH.

31st

NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS!

After the 12th day of August of this year, (1870) suits will be liable to be brought in the Court of Dauphin County for money due on lands in Perry County, unpatented.

For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address
S. E. GALBRAITH,
Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor.
Bloomfield, March 8, 1870.—1f.

THE WORLD'S WONDER!

Equalizing Oil!

THIS OIL for Rheumatism in all its forms, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds of all descriptions, Cramps, etc., etc., etc., IS UNEQUALLED by any now offered to the public. It is for sale at 50 cents per bottle, by

NORTH E. BOLINGE,

Millerstown,

Perry county, Pa.

AND

E. MORTIMER & CO.,

New Bloomfield, Pa.

Relief given almost instantly, and permanent res effected.

419 3m

NOT A GHOST STORY.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

GEORGE MARLEY having none but fashionable vices, was not what the world calls vicious. He drank without being a sot, gambled without being a black-leg, and if not a saint, was not a profligate.

He had recently come into possession of a handsome fortune, and was spending his first winter, and a good deal of money, in New Orleans. Among others whose acquaintance he formed, was a young Frenchman, a few years his senior, named Antoine Giraud, between whom and himself a similarity of taste soon caused an especial intimacy to spring up. Young Giraud was perfectly acquainted with the city and its ways, and was nothing loth to place his knowledge at his friend's disposal. When the theater and opera grew tiresome, as they did at last, and masked balls and wine suppers began to lose their zest, fresh excitement was sought and found in those temples where the fickle goddess nightly distributes her "buffets and rewards" without troubling herself whether or not, they are received "with equal thanks."

Giraud played persistently against his friend. Marley thought it was because they were friends. "There was another reason perhaps. However, if money was the Frenchman's object, he was signally disappointed, for he was uniformly unsuccessful. Though evidently chagrined at his losses he seemed to bear them with equanimity, returning each night to the encounter, led by the blind hope that has lured so many to destruction, that luck, at last, must change.

One night their play ran unusually high. Marley was flushed with wine, while the expression of his companion's face betokened a still deeper excitement. With a nervously trembling hand, the latter deposited on the table a sum larger than any he had yet risked. It was promptly covered by his adversary.

"This time I have won!" cried Giraud, eagerly, throwing down his cards.

"Not so fast!" exclaimed the other; "your hand is almost invincible, but this is a—"

It was true; the Frenchman had lost again.

"Ruined!" he muttered to himself between his clenched teeth; and after glaring a moment fiercely at the window, he rose hastily from the table.

"Come, George," he said with a forced laugh, "it is time to go now;" and taking his friend's arm the two left the place together.

It was past midnight and the streets were almost deserted, when a drowsy watchman pacing his accustomed round came suddenly on a scene that startled him into life, and caused him to signal for assistance, which happily proved to be at hand.

A man was stooping over the prostrate form of another. At the sound of approaching footsteps he raised himself, recoiling quickly as if by flight. But the summoned help was already on the spot, and the fugitive was intercepted. In his hand he held a bloody dagger, and at his feet lay the inanimate body of the victim still warm and bleeding.

On finding himself in the hands of the officers, the prisoner's self possession entirely forsook him. His answers were so incoherent as to be wholly unintelligible. Nothing could be gained by questioning him in his present condition, and he was at once taken to the nearest station house and locked up.

The body was conveyed to the Morgue, where on the following day, it was identified as that of George Marley.

At the inquest, Giraud testified to having accompanied his friend as far as their way lay in common, and that they had then separated for the purpose of going to their respective lodgings. The facts sworn to by the policeman were those already stated. If the crime had been committed with a view to robbery, the perpetrator had been interrupted before accomplishing his object, for the murdered man's watch and pocket-book were found on his person unmolested, and nothing identified as his was discovered in the prisoner's possession.

Eugene Aubrey, the person accused of the atrocious deed, was a young artisan of hitherto unblemished character, and the only child and sole support of his widowed mother. The day after his arrest he gave an explanation of the circumstances against him, which, had it been given at once, might have received credence. As it was, it was looked upon as cunning afterthought.

His story was this:
He had been spending the evening—

and so much he was able to prove—in a visit to a young girl to whom he was betrothed. On his return two men, walking arm in arm, turned into the street before him, continuing in the same direction as himself, but some distance in advance. Suddenly one of them disengaged his arm and dealt his companion a swift blow with some instrument, which, as it descended, gleamed in the gaslight like the blade of a weapon. The one stricken reeled and fell, uttering a faint cry. The other glanced hastily around, and seeing the prisoner rapidly approaching, turned and fled. When the latter reached the body, life was distinct. He had just withdrawn the weapon, which had been left in the wound, and was just about to run or call for help, when he was apprehended as already stated.

But a prisoner's statement, though all-powerful against him goes but a little way in exculpation. A verdict of "willful murder" against Eugene Aubrey was returned by the coroner's jury, and he was fully committed for trial.

It was at this stage of the case I retained hope for the defence. The case seemed hopeless enough. On the final trial, the only facts in evidence would be those which told so damningly against the prisoner. His own statement, which the coroner had allowed to be received, would be entirely excluded. But one result could reasonably be anticipated.

The poor woman never doubted her son's innocence. "He was always so good and gentle," she said. Still less would it have been possible to create a suspicion in the mind of her who loved him with all the blind devotion of a young and trusting soul. "I know he is not guilty," she would again and again reiterate; "when he left me that night, with words so tender and loving, there could have been no murder in his heart."

It was impossible to witness a faith so pure and steadfast without feeling its influence. The young man's statement if true, perfectly reconciled every fact with his innocence; and, after all, less weight was due to his first confusion and failure to explain the circumstances than was generally supposed. A man brought suddenly face to face with an appalling crime, and while still staggering under the shock, accused of its commission, may well lose his presence of mind. Before saying he looks and acts guiltily, wouldn't it be well to be quite sure we know how an innocent man would look and act in the like case?

The day of trial came. I had no witnesses, save a few to previous good character. I had determined to risk on a stroke, the wisdom or folly of which could only be determined by the event.

Giraud was the first witness called. He gave his evidence with great precision and clearness. I cross examined him very briefly, and he had just quitted the stand, when, as if transfixed by some instantaneous shock, he stood the very impersonation of terror. His hair literally stood on end. His eyes were riveted on a figure advancing towards him, with a slow and measured tread. It was the exact image of the murdered man—his face all pale and ghastly as when he lay in his coffin. That such a visitor was not of this world was the common feeling even of those who had never seen Marley, and who knew not whose was the ghostly form thus mysteriously revealed.

"Merciful God!" shrieked rather than articulated the frightened wretch who had just steeped his soul in perjury against another's life, "but unchain my senses from this horrible vision, and let man's weightiest condemnation fall upon me."

Then falling on his knees, in disjointed and broken sentences, he poured forth a confession that fully justified the belief I had for some time entertained, that he, Giraud, and not my client, was the real culprit.

And now reader, don't throw away this paper with a sneer at "ghost stories," till you find out whether I have been telling one or not.

I had a friend, a young actor, who, if living to-day, would be the brightest star on the American boards. His power of imitation was wonderful. He knew and had seen Marley. A week's practice made him perfect in the part he was to perform, and it was he, and no ghost that appeared, as pre-arranged between us at the critical moment I had read:

"That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions."

And the result proved that the great dramatist, as usual was right.

Examination of Attorneys.

A correspondent sends us the following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar in Iowa.

Examiner.—Do you smoke, sir?

Candidate.—I do, sir.

Ex.—Have you a spare cigar?

Can.—Yes, sir; (extending a short six.)

Ex.—Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?

Can.—To collect fees.

Ex.—Right! What is the second?

Can.—To increase the number of his clients.

Ex.—When does your position toward your client change?

Can.—When making a bill of costs.

Ex.—Explain.

Can.—We then occupy the antagonist position: I assume the character of plaintiff, and he becomes defendant.

Ex.—A suit decided how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?

Can.—Check by jowl!

Ex.—Enough; sir, you promise to be an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?

Can.—Perfectly.

Ex.—Describe the duty.

Can.—It is to invite you to drink.

Ex.—But suppose I decline.

(Scratching his head.) There is no instance of the kind on record in the books; I cannot answer that question.

Ex.—You are right, and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively; let's take the drinks, and I'll sign your certificate.

A Dutchman in California recently caught a Chinaman in the act of stealing his chickens. The following is his story of the affair. It was 'bout von o'clock. I vos shleeping awake, waiting mit the stage for to come, ven I hears a noise of my chickens, and I knows the taylor or something else ish to pay. I takes my hatchet and runs out, leaving nine bantaloons, poots, and coat behind but has on my shirt. I finds the taylor puting mine chickens mit a sack. I dakes him mit his neck and shakes him up. I see him feel round his body for someding, and I sherks him by his cue and threatens to smash tender and blixen mit him with the hatchet, till he forgets where to put his hands and I dinks de rascal didn't know where he vas. Den I locks him up in the granary, and went mit de policeman.

The celebrated painter Sir Godfrey Kneller and Dr. Ratcliffe's resided next door to each other. The painter was very fond of horticultural pursuits, and the physician had a similar taste. Sir Godfrey, who had a fine flower-garden, at Dr. Ratcliffe's request allowed him the privilege of a door in the party-wall, so that he might enter it whenever he choose. A squabble having arisen between them, owing to the liberties taken by Ratcliffe's servants, Sir Godfrey at last was obliged to send word to his neighbor that he should proceed to brick up the doorway.

Ratcliffe cynically observed—"Let him do what he will to the door except painting it."

To which the painter retorted—"Did my good friend say so? You go back and tell him from me I will take anything from him but physic."

Jonathan says he couldn't help laughing the other day at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had persuaded a guest, greatly against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think of edging quietly away, and walking off—but in attempting it he waked up the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair.

"How soon will your father be through?" whispered the guest.

"Has he got to the Jews?" asked the boy in reply, in the same tone.

"No," said the other.

"Well, then he ain't half through," replied the boy, and composed himself again to his nap whereupon the guest bolted at once.

What's the use of suffering intolerable misery from weeks to months with a "Cold in the Head," when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy gives immediate relief, and will permanently cure all such cases, and costs only fifty cents for a package which prepares one pint of the medicine. Sold by druggists, or send sixty cents to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and get it post-free.

SUNDAY READING.

The Sabbath.

The following testimonies and experiences, not of the clergy but of statesmen, philosophers, and men of wide reputation in legal, medical, literary and commercial life, bearing on a subject attracting considerable attention at the present time may not be uninteresting to our readers:

"If Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the smallest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer and less civilized people than we are."—Lord Macaulay.

"There is no religion without worship, or no worship without the Sabbath."—Count Montalembert.

"The more faithfully I apply myself to the duties of the Lord's day, the more happy and successful is my business during the week."—Sir Matthew Hale.

"A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath."—Blackstone.

"The Sabbath as a political institution is of inestimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority."—Adam Smith.

"Sunday is a day of account, and a candid account every seventh day is the best preparation for the great day of account."—Lord Kames.

"I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable."—William Wilberforce.

"Give the world half of Sunday, and you will find religion has no strong hold of the other."—Sir Walter Scott.

"Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot long be sustained."—Justice John McLean.

"The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel toward those who impress its importance on the community."—Daniel Webster.

In a general order, issued November 15, 1862, President Lincoln commanded that "Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the National forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."

Attorney General Bates, of the Cabinet, wrote: "The religious character of an institution so ancient, so sacred, so lawful and so necessary to the peace and comfort and the respectability of society, ought alone to be sufficient for its protection; but that failing, surely the laws of the land made for its account ought to be as strictly enforced as the laws for the protection of person and property. If the Sunday laws be neglected or despised the laws of person and property will soon share their fate and be equally disregarded."

"The Sabbath must be observed as a day of rest. This I do not state as an opinion, but knowing that it has its foundation upon a law in man's nature as fixed as that he must take food or die."—Dr. Willard Parker, of New York City.

"As a day of rest I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. One day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system."—John Richard Farre, M. D., of London, England.

La Press, one of the great secular journals of Paris, has said, "England owes much of her energy and character to the religious keeping of Sunday. Why cannot France follow her; as the Sabbath was made for all men, and we need its blessing?"

The present Lord Chancellor of England stated at a public meeting, "I am glad to say that Sunday is not yet like a Continental Sunday. Looking at the question from the lowest point of view, it is the especial duty and interest of working men to discourage all attempts to interfere with the seventh day as a day of rest; for once let the Parisian system come into vogue in this country, under which the scaffolds of public buildings were as crowded with workmen on Sunday as on any other day, and they would have to work seven days for pay now received for six."

Pearls are troublesome property. Unless they are constantly worn or aired they change color, or crumble to pieces, so that Mr. Ruby, the Jeweller in "Lothair," was perfectly correct when he referred to the necessity of giving Her Grace's pearls an annual airing.